Xero Index Edition

October, 1963

Epistolary Intercourse. . . . 1
The Index 21

ART:
Stiles. . . . . cover
Atom. 20, 26

XERO (Index Edition) published by Pat & Dick Lupoff, 210 E 73 St., New York, NY 10021. Ella Parker, Sterling Agent. Yours for 35¢ or 3/. Copyright 1963

JAMES BLISH

(217 Mott Street, New York, New York 10012)

You've gone out in a blaze of glory with the only thoroughly professional science-fiction short story I've ever seen in a fan magazine -- Berry's, self-evidently. Congratulations to all three of you (but why didn't Berry sell it for money?) I shall miss Xero, despite all the comic book stuff.

Larry and Noreen Shaw accurately remember the circumstances surrounding the original (novelette half) A CASE OF CONSCIENCE. There were three editors involved before Larry, but the first was Fletcher Pratt, who commissioned the story for a Twayne Triplet to begin with, and didn't reject it -- on the contrary, he was delighted with it, but the Triplets died before he could get it into print. (The other two authors represented in the proposed Triplet were Sam Merwin and Essie Carlson, and part of the deal was that we were all to sell our stories to the magazines before the book came out. Sam sold his story to himself; Essie never sold hers at all.) The yarn was next offered to HLG, whose reaction was: "I like the beginning, and I like the end, and I guess I like the middle, but I run a family magazine -- can't we get rid of this religious angle somehow?" I said NO. Les del Rey then offered to buy the story if I would promise him a sequel; he was right about that, and I didn't realize it until years later, and then only under continuous pressure from Fred Pohl. Larry then bought the story, despite the objections of Quinn that Noreen mentions, and ran it virtually as I had written it (he broke up a few of my more Jamesian sentences into several simpler ones, and eliminated one sentence entirely for reasons I still don't understand -- the one that mentions Dali, which I restored in the book version). This is only one of several very good reasons why the book is dedicated to him.

Your response to Baxter on why I am writing historicals is also accurate, but Baxter also has a case. My relationship with Faber and Faber began with an sf novel ("They Shall Have Stars" in England, "Year 2018!" here) which no U.S. publisher would touch until Faber printed it; and exactly the same thing has happened with the historical. For that matter, "Earthman Come Home" was rejected 23 times before Putnam's took it; the Okies, despite their apparent popularity with the magazines, have generally baffled book publishers -- for whom, my books show, the Okies have made about $135,000 to date and are still going on. The moral I draw is that selling sf at novel lengths is by no means as automatic as Fred makes it out to be, even if the product is "good" (by the only definition I know -- the public accepts it -- that applies to commercial fiction). Nor is there anything automatic in the name that's signed to a manuscript; though my luck has generally been excellent, I have in my files a half-finished novel which is a collaboration with the unforgettable Norman L. Knight, which has been on the market since 1951 and has drawn nothing but sneers. Of course, it may well be just as bad as all the editors say it is; but nobody can say it is the product of tyros. One editor thought it good enough to involve another sf writer, one of the best there is, in an unwitting piracy of it -- and since this was the second time that editor had done such a thing with a reject of mine, I never submitted anything to him again.

I repeat, I've been lucky; sf has made me money and I've been twice honored by Conventions, which is more than my due. But if what Baxter is trying to convey is that the field isn't as peachy as Fred claims, then I agree with him, much though I'm indebted to Fred; and I am writing historicals, etc., both to broaden my horizons as a writer and to lessen my dependence on a set of editors who are, with few exceptions, cranky, absolutist, blinkered. Once a writer has dealt with Charles Monteith and Ann Corlett of F&F, he knows what a good editor is like, and the experience is liberating.

REDD BOGGS

(270 South Bonnie Brae, Los Angeles 57, California)

I'm sorry to see Xero fold, and I look forward to the fanzine you publish to replace it. I trust it will not be a Burroughs fanzine; I take heart from your statement that you feel decreasingly nostalgic these days. I wish more people felt that way, but I fear that as a great percentage of fandom reaches middle age we will have to suffer through great gobs of nostalgia about crud as basically foolish as comic books and juvenovels. /Don't hold your breath awaiting our next fanzine -- we're going to take a nice rest first. No, it won't be a Burroughs zine -- Burroughs is strictly Dick's department. Maybe a zine on noisy black spaniels. -PL/

"Sax" by Bob Briney was an excellent job about a writer who probably doesn't deserve even as much recognition as this. The middle age nostalgia that is sweeping over fandom has given rise to more wordage rhapsodizing about incompetent hacks than one might ever have imagined possible. All the incredible stuff about Burroughs and Lovecraft, two writers who (as Jim Blish once expressed it) couldn't write themselves out of a theme on "Why My Daddy Buys Life Insurance." Of course Briney keeps firm control of himself and doesn't claim too much for Sax Rohmer. In fact, he praises him so faintly that I am not inspired to Rush Right Out. I am helped, too, by the fact that I have read enough Rohmer to be fairly certain that he is not at all to my taste. Goodby, Mr. Rohmer. And good riddance. /Are you one of those who only likes Literature with a capital L? I like Literature too -- but sometimes, I like to read things just for the fun of it. Things like science fiction. -PL/

It is the theory of local non-fan Will Kuhn that "Fu Manchu" was intended by Sax Rohmer to be a name with obscurely obscene connotations, "Fu" being the first two letters of a familiar four letter word. That "Sax" was also intended to suggest "Sex" is also a tenable theory, I suppose. But such speculation doesn't jibe with the fact that Rohmer's pictures of Oriental and Egyptian slums are pretty unconvincing in their depictions of "sin." Rohmer was obviously not a rake; neither was he a puritan. If he were either, he'd have had stronger feelings for "sin." He had no moral leanings either way, I suppose. Too bad. If he'd felt a strong attraction or revulsion for his Oriental hells, the stories would have been more vividly and dramatically colored. As they are, they are pretty feeble fantasies. Or at least those that I've read were.

Briney did so well on Rohmer as far as he went that I'm sorry he didn't delve into matters of morality in Rohmer -- the sexual attitudes, for example, and the racial question. He only touches on that, and it remains for Lin Carter to underline the basic underlying attitudes in Rohmer toward the non-white peoples, in "Kiss the Blood Off My Dacoits." One of the unfortunate things about becoming enamoured of popular writings is that popular writers reflect popular attitudes that later become repugnant. A great writer stands to some extent above popular prejudices; that's one reason why we call him great. Popular writers wallow in popular prejudices; that's one reason why they're popular. But it doesn't make the task of an enthusiast of Rohmer, Howard, Buchan, George W. Peck, et al, any easier to be forced to accept the writer's outmoded attitudes and try to force them down the throats of people he's trying to interest in his work.

As for the editorial footnote #1 on Bob Briney's article: I confess that I didn't know that the fans of Haggard had formed a "flourishing club," and I'm not exactly sure whether the clubs devoted to one or two of the others could be described as "flourishing," either.

/You were one of many, Redd, who raised the point of the Haggard fan club. I do not know of any such organization; the reference to it in that footnote was inadvertant, and came about in the following manner:

//The footnote was intended to read: "This is also how the Baum, Burroughs, Doyle, Howard, Haggard, Mundy, Cabell, Brand, Claudy, Lovecraft, Thayer, Merritt, etc., fan is born. An interesting speculation is why the fans of the first four named authors have formed flourishing clubs...." In cutting the stencil, I accidentally omitted Howard, thus moving Haggard up into the fourth position on the list. -RL//

I think the Oz group numbers less than a hundred, maybe less than half a hundred for all I know: anyway an insignificant percentage of all the children who have read Oz books over half a century. The activities of such groups are largeley non-literary, and seem to have something of the impulse behind them that causes people to go to church: the desire to rally each other to keep up their faith in a vast world that has no interest in such matters. The Baker Street Irregulars is distinctive in its emphasis on burlesque and parody: there are college professors and professional men in it who seem to derive most of their pleasure from kidding their own pretensions to learning by writing solemn treatises on Holmes.

Incidentally, it is certainly inaccurate to say that fans of Doyle or, for that matter, of Baum have organized clubs. It is the fans of Holmes and of Oz. While the Oz fans may pay some attention to non-Oz books, I never heard of the BSI writing or talking about The Doings of Raffles Haw.

It ought to be easy to deduce some natural laws about howcome certain authors get fan clubs and some do not. The author ideally must be a popular author as opposed to a literary one, else his work will be left to the scholars, not requiring the activities of enthusiasts to keep it alive. Also, people are not going to get quite so nostalgic about works they meet for the first time in school. Sir Walter Scott is certainly a greater writer by any measure than Haggard, but most people read IVANHOE in high school.... It's true that Dickens has some sort of a fan club, but it seems to be composed of old fogeys in England intent upon establishing which inn Pickwick stopped at in which town.

The author ought to have been quite popular once and then to have suffered a sharp decline. This is true of most of the writers you mention in the footnote, though perhaps not of Lovecraft who was popular only in one minor magazine, Weird Tales. The writer has to be popular enough to be met by people when they are young, and has to suffer a decline before these people are prompted to rally round to keep his memory alive. The writings themselves must be of the type to interest youngsters and yet must be mature enough to interest them when they've grown up.

Finally, of course, the writer's works ought to be of pretty good numbers, and some of his books ought to be easy to find and some difficult. Otherwise, there isn't really enough to discuss in the writer's works, and since the Complete Works are the club bible, possession and/or knowledge of the works divides the believer from the infidel. It does no harm if the writer himself is colorful and bizarre enough to merit discussion in the club organ, but this is not necessary.

Cabell probably fails because he is just enough of a literary figure to be deemed the property of literary critics. Further, his era of great popularity somewhat antedates the era of most people of fan age. Claudy probably doesn't make it because his work doesn't interest grownups and it's a little embarrassing to wax enthusiastic about somebody like that. A lot of people must have been nostalgic about Thornton W. Burgess over the years, but who is going to dare to form a club about somebody who properly belongs to eight-year-olds? HPL probably was never popular enough to command a broad-enough readership which could form the nucleus of a fan club. The group that tries to keep his memory alive is primarily interested in HPL as a person -- he was "his own most fantastic creation." Merritt probably didn't write enough. How long can you run essays on THE MOON POOL without exhausting the subject and everybody who reads the official organ?

I should think Mundy, Brand, and Thayer would be fairly good bets for fan clubs devoted to them. That they haven't gotten these clubs may indicate that there are natural laws governing such things that I haven't deduced. Possibly Brand fails in that most of his works are westerns, which appeal to a subliterate group. The activities of fan groups devoted to writers are basically non-literary, but the work they worship ought to have some faint (damn faint, in the case of Burroughs, who is always praised in feeble tones as "a great story teller" which is utter nonsense, of course) claim to literary quality. //Hold on -- I am not a Burroughs fan, but he was a good story teller. This is not the same as being a good writer. Brand falls in the same class, although I think his style is perfectly acceptable for adventure stories. Fast moving and competent, he always holds my interest, at any rate. -PL// After all, there must be some prestige and dignity connected with one's association with a writer and that may be difficult in the case of Max Brand.

Lin Carter's "Kiss the Blood Off My Dacoits" was quite delightful. However, I really think I could've done without still another parody of "I Am the Very Model...." Landon Chesney's cartoon, "Two Flashes Meet the Purple Slagheap!," shows how absolutely futile it is to try to burlesque comic books. They are so incredible in themselves that it's impossible to be funnier than they are.

Who wrote the introductory page to "All in Color for a Dime"? //Richard Kyle. -RL// I'm not entirely convinced by this claim of validity for the things people get nostalgic about. Viz.: In general, I find most old movies dull and crude, old cars uncomfortable and ugly, and old toys flimsier and less elaborate than those in drugstores today. There are exceptions, of course -- the Chaplin comedies, for instance. But the point is, the old days weren't any better, really, than these days except we are seeing them from a long view, misted azure by the drift of decades. Specifically: I'm ghasted at the notion of even a little child that Tom Mix "looked like a real cowboy." It's enough to make one give up hope for the younger generation. You (or whoever) obviously didn't belong to my generation. The cap pistol I had was a clumsy gadget, and the fabulous toy guns my little nephews brandished a few years ago when they were that age made me green with envy. I'd have given two or three arms to own a cap gun as beautiful as those when I was "cowboy movie age."

Kyle's reminiscences of "Sparky Watts and the Big Shots" described a world I'd never even heard of before, but like all of Kyle's work is so delightfully done that I was interested in spite of everything. //Ah, at last we agree on something. -PL// Sparky Watts (if not the Big Shots) sounds like was several cuts above the usual costume hero but the examples of the stories themselves, as redrawn by the redoubtable Jim Moriarty, are somewhat disillusioning. "Pardon my heel, you heel!" says Sparky, kicking a Nazi in the face -- and this is the same improbable derring-do and the same wincesome wisecrack that any costume hero might indulge in. Then again I am moved to ponder the significance of the final panel on p 70 where Slaphappy finds his feet the size of suitcases due to overexposure to Doc Static's ray machine. This is supposed to be funny, evidently, from the facial expressions. But it seems to me pretty sad, and anybody who'd think it was amusing would laugh at a hunchback or a cripple.

Norman Clarke's "Curtain Call" was amusing, but I hurry along to "EI"... The fact that Analog and Galaxy lead the sf magazines in circulation proves nothing about their quality, of course. Quality doesn't necessarily sell (witness Venture and Worlds Beyond). Anyway, Analog and Galaxy aren't selling very spectacularly. They are selling less poorly than the others. All those circulation figures look awfully sick to me. ... Rick Sneary's letter shocked me. What, me old? ... I was sort of out of touch when this Shirley Camper business came up, and I've been puzzled all along why fandom seems to stand in such fear of exposure in Cosmopolitan. Fandom was almost completely unaffected by previous articles in large circulation magazines and I see no reason to think that the Camper article, if it appears, will cause any microcosm-shaking changes. Me, I look with more alarm on the Burroughs boom, which could debase fandom a lot more easily than a barbarian invasion inspired by the Camper article. //At the Discon Dick and I discovered that ERB fans and sf fans are not at all alike -- Dick likes Burroughs, but came away muttering that he would never be a Burroughs fan. -PL//

ANTHONY BOUCHER

(2643 Dana Street, Berkeley 4, California)

Just to ease your curiosity as to why the phrase "stranger in a strange land" keeps turning up so much: It's from Exodus 2:22 (King James version):

"And she /Zipporah/ bare him /Moses/ a son, and he called his name Gershom; for he said, I have been a stranger in a strange land."

I never understand why fans ignore the Bible. It has almost as much exegetical appeal as THE LORD OF THE RINGS or even SILVERLOCK.

Very sorry that Xero is to be no more. I've greatly enjoyed it, despite the infrequency of my locs. At least you go out blazing with Briney on Rohmer, a most welcome survey & bibliography. Converts to Rohmer might enjoy looking up T H Hanshaw's novels & stories of Cleek of the Forty Faces -- no fantasy, but similarly superb bad writing & melodrama. (There needs to be a survey of the Great Bad Writers.) //Indeed there does! Aside from such Good/Bads who've been raked over in Xero as Rohmer and Burroughs, and some good folk's favorite Howard, I'd like to propose my own candidate as the Best/Worst of them all: Doc Smith. Then there's Edgar Wallace, who fairly well fits Boggs's criteria for a personal fandom, and... but that's for another fanzine, another time. -RL//

WALTER BREEN

(2402 Grove Street, Berkeley, California 94704)

It's hard not to fall into cliches, looking at the end of a chapter of fannish history, at the corpse of something I was -- er -- midwife or godfather or uncle to or like that. Almost at the corpse of a child of ten years. *Snif* //For the benefit of latecomers, Walter refers to The Rumble, a 4-page one-shot which the three of us co-wrote and published in 1960, which was the direct precursor and stimulus of Xero. -PL/RL//

Who is Landon Chesney? //Himself -- an actual person, as far as we know, but we've never met him. -PL// Much speculation has been making the rounds that he's another Lin Carter pseudonym. Initials and all that -- and a testimony to Lin's versatility. (Fifth Fandom is not dead, or something.) As for Lin Carter himself, or maybe that should be Himself, I hope he somewhere does a takeoff on Edgar Rice Boresus the way he did on Ian Fleming & Sax Rohmer. (But more on the quality of the former.) //"Kiss the Blood Off My Thoat" in Jargon 2, Dave Van Arnam? -RL//

Norman Clarke may find his name (along with that of the Lupoffs and Xero) adorning a couple of footnotes in the book-length version of my MA thesis, when the latter gets published. (As a thesis, it's called "Changing Social Roles of the Musician"; working title for the book version is MUSIC AND SOCIETY, but lord only knows what Free Press of Glencoe will finally do with that name.) In its final section, dealing with Kitsch or standardized popular music, I've had to include some material on the history of the American musical comedy, and Norman Clarke has filled in some details not elsewhere readily accessible. Thanks.

Rick Sneary asks what one can say in a 100-page fanzine that one can't in three 24-page ones? Well, mostly a story or article or something which has strong enough continuity that one would not wish to see it broken up into three fragments with maybe a year's interval between installments.

Sorry, but I'll have to pass up voting on the best single item Xero ever published. I liked too many different ones. Besides Fandi, I would name -- to list only the next couple that come to mind -- Harris' analysis of Sturgeon's fiction and Carter's Notes on Tolkien; my reaction to the latter was that this was the very article I had long dreamed of writing, only done better as Lin was more familiar with the Scandinavian sources than I am. (A rather roundabout way of saying Bravo.)

And now, apropos of Tolkien, we come to John Boardman and his nonsense about racism in Tolkien. "Oh, no, John, no, John, no, John, NO!" -- or, to quote a local ingroup joke, "I expected better of you." Point by point: In these excerpts from the Red Book of Westmarch we are given what is represented not as the view of a modern humanitarian, nor yet that of a racist, but as the views of hobbit chroniclers of many tens of thousands of years ago; one does not expect them to have viewed their contemporaries as (fortified by cultural anthropology) we look at ours. Haradrim were hated not because they were black-skinned but rather for the far more obvious reason that they were barbarically ferocious and moreover in league with Mordor. Numenoreans of the Elder Days seemed to hobbits to have been a higher race of men than any later ones (save only Aragorn II) because of their accomplishments. These accomplishments were not matched by their descendants nor by their descendants who married people of less renown. Elves and orcs seem monochromatic to us because they looked that way to the hobbit chroniclers, to whom they were more alien than humans or dwarves, and who could hardly have been expected to view them in depth. I can't speak personally for orcs, but the elves to whom much space is devoted in the Trilogy are quite individualized; Elrond and Legolas, for instance, come out as quite different personalities, as do Arwen and Galadriel.

We are not informed of labor troubles, if any, at Cirdan's shipyard because the hobbit chroniclers were not witnesses to events of some 6,400 years at the Grey Havens. Nor is there any indication of class struggle among members of the Three Kindreds, united as they were by mutual affection and by the need of mutual defense against a common enemy. Nor would hobbit chroniclers have felt enough disinterested curiosity about folk so foully destructive as orcs to inquire into the personal lives of the latter. In fact, any such digressions as these -- whether anent labor troubles at Cirdan's shipyards, personal affections of orcs, or the farmers who provided food for the Rivendell and Lorien communities -- would hardly have been in place in the kind of epic chronicle Tolkien provides. And for much the same reason as the absence of long excursus on the sex lives or the military training methods in use among the Achaians at Troy in the Iliad.

I must also disagree with John's claim that post-medieval craft or technology is always equated with "dirt, noise, unpleasantness, and an orcish state of mind." As Doc Weir's study of hithlain in I PALANTIR #1 indicated, the elves were farther advanced in biological technology than are we, and their technology was far enough advanced to seem magical to humans and hobbits. Nor could their knowledge of metallurgy have been primitive, either, considering the Eregion elvensmiths' work with mithril. No, the technology that connoted the Dark Land was no more nor less than the kind of chemical technology which polluted atmosphere and water, destroyed growing plants and in general disrupted the local ecology -- the kind of thing that has given Linden, New Jersey, a bad name and an intolerably bad odor.

BOB BRINEY
(176 East Stadium Avenue, West Lafayette, Indiana)
What does one say when faced with a production of the magnitude and quality of Xero 10, except something original like "Duhh..."?

Probably the greatest single thing in the issue is the chapter VII-VIII portion of Lin Carter's parody. I laughed for ten minutes, and when my office mate, a one-time Rohmer reader, read it, he too collapsed. The rest of the math department thought we were nuts.

I'll never again be able to read that scene in a Rohmer book with a straight face.

If one has to pick out other items of greater impact than the rest: all the bhob stewart illustrations, especially pp. 34 and 40; the Lin Carter poem; and the two covers.

I am much pleased at the way the Rohmer article looks in print. So much so that I won't even cavil at the one or two typos I noticed... However, in the bibliography, the entry for SALUTE TO BAZARADA really should say "partial contents," since I don't know what the actual contents are (I still haven't been able to find a copy of the book). My main regret, aside from the general stuffiness of the style in which the whole piece is written, is that a careless slip (on page 18) allows the inference that THE TRAIL OF FU MANCHU is set in the U.S. It is not, of course; it is set in London, and is one of the best books of the series. Fu Manchu becomes particularly fiendish: he operates a large blast-furnace in a cavern under Limehouse, where he uses human bodies as fuel in an alchemical process for making gold. And one of the bodies he feeds to the furnace is that of his own daughter, Fah Lo Suee....

In your footnote #1 you neglected to mention R. E. Howard as an author of the same nature as Burroughs, &c., and one with a flourishing club of admirers. //Duhh.-RL// And I would of course add the name of John Creasey, being currently much under his influence. As for some of the others, there is actually some explanation for the lack of organized clubs -- i.e., for the lack of a widespread group of admirers who are interested in discussing the author's works. Cabell's works, for example, appeal to a rather specialized and sophisticated audience, and their worldly and satirical tone does not incite one to exegesis or map-drawing or pastiche or quasi-critical commentary. As for Merritt, his fandom was at one time vociferous, if not really widespread. But admiration for Merritt dies out quickly; his books are few in number, and when once you get past the surface tinsel and adolescent romanticism, there isn't much of anything left in them to talk about. (Compare the best of Burroughs with the best of Merritt on grounds of inventiveness and imagination, and of writing style, and ERB comes off the winner by a mile. Also, Merritt's books were written with such intense, dead-pan seriousness; no humor at all.)

And Mundy: the heavy doses of mysticism in some of the books, and the insufferable pukka sahib atmosphere of others, puts many readers off. Still, the "Tros" trilogy and the main sequence of Jimgrim-Ramsden-etc. books offer some fine adventurous reading... Mundy's books are, at least so my experience has indicated, much less easy to come by than Burroughs or Haggard or some of the others on your list. They were not reprinted time and time again like the early ERB titles and most of the best books disappeared after their original editions ran out.

Actually, the existence of an organized group of "fans" is irrelevant. The point is that many of the authors on your list -- Haggard, Mundy, Rohmer -- never inspired much published analysis or discussion. Howard has been exegised (?) to death, and Burroughs is in the process of having the same thing happen; and the volume of commentary on Doyle is of stupendous proportions. Even Lovecraft has had his share of commentators, one of the most distinguished among them being Lin Carter Himself. Not to mention Tolkien (and you didn't), who has inspired much commentary and an organized fan-group. //I did not mention Tolkien deliberately. I do not consider him a good bad writer, as I do all the others -- Doyle emphatically and Cabell timidly -- mentioned in this discussion. I consider Tolkien a good writer, and hence a matter irrelevant to the discussion. -RL//

When one reads the works of Doyle, Burroughs, Tolkien, Lovecraft, it becomes immediately clear that all these authors had something: you may not be able to pin it down, but you realize why the volumes of commentary and pastiche came into existence. What still remains a mystery to me is why the same thing didn't happen with an author like Haggard or Mundy, who to my mind also have this mysterious "something."

//I assume you are aware of Morton Cohen's book "Rider Haggard" (Walker, 1961).-RL//

No help, is it? //No, but it's interesting. -PL//.

GARY DEINDORFER

(40 Atterbury Avenue, Trenton, New Jersey 08618)

I must say, looking back on "fandi," that I am surprised that it was so well received, and that it is still evidently talked about in certain (very) obscure circles. Why, just a few months ago at the wonderful ESFAcon, a neofan with a great quivering mop of hair named Bernie Bubnis came up to me and babbled at great length about "Fandi" and how I should do a sequel for his up-coming fanzine, Whatever, (which has not as yet up-come). "The muse is not with me now," I was forced to say, somewhat before tears shot out of his neofannish tear ducts (what other kind?). This is true enough.

I could never do "Fandi" today. It was possible for me only when I was a neofan-over-again, fresh from Gafia, its dew still clinging to my shining pink knee-caps. Returning to fandom, I was all hip on doing "fannish variations on mundane themes." Wow, mon. Hey, hey, hey! I was going to do thousands of fannish variations and I was going to be the Mozart of fandom, at least for a while. ("Caught your latest variation, fannish-type, on mundame theme, boy. Wow! Brilliant, and such.") Actually, I got side-tracked (ch: "or something") and "Fandi" is the only such thing I did. Anyway, rereading it today, I found so many faults in it, minor, mayor, but removing it from any claim to greatness for "its type" (urk), that the only reason I could think to justify its reception by fandom is that which often used by jazz and folk musicians of mediocre talent as a cover -- "Well, I don't have much technique, but there's that essential honesy and force there."

Maybe so. I like "Fandi," you understand -- I'm not ashamed of it or anything -- but, being more of a perfectionist, maybe, than I once was, I'd never have submitted it in the condition I submitted it in were I to do it again. Pooh bhob! He deserves equal billing for the thing; most fans will never know just how much reclamation that strip needed -- no, not even though you mentioned the fact in your editorial. You couldn't really convey the boggling task he carried through in all its puling -- in a fearsome sort of way -- hugeness.

DR. ANTONIO DUPLA

(P.º M.ª Agustin, 9, Zaragoza, Spain)

Is an authentic pity that XERO folds out with issue 10 and is a serious doubt if this is more sensible for a reader from # 1 up or for some that, as myself, has arrived just in time for issue 8 and following. It is a WKF that back issues of XERO are out of print but as, years coming, some issue can appear here or there, if the X Index is available for the asking, I ask for it. And as you let the door at a least a bit open about future and possible genfanac, I also stick around to find out what happens.

To comment upon precisely the last issue is too much of a funeral task for my taste so let me only say that the layout and the artwork are, as always, at the upmost category. That the Berry tale is very well built with all the technicology of his well trodden work; if he were not offended I would say that his tale has a straight pro touch. That Briney is excellent in his complete coverage of Sax Rohmer. As Lin Carter in his splendid parody of him. And last but not least that John Boardman has given me a surprising view to add to my files on Tolkien: racism found and class struggle missed in Middle Earth!

That the books transcended mere fantasy was, I think, agreed upon by many of its fans but to put such down-to-earth problems in it is perhaps a bit too much. This is truly the real professional touch though the professionalism in this case doesn't refer to publish in SF prozines.

I hope this is not our last contact. I know of you through XERO and what Ethel Lindsay tells in her Taffreport. And both sources are sympathetic enough.

JETTY KUJAWA

(2819 Caroline Street, South Bend, Indiana)

The covers are classics, and well reproduced to boot. /Mr. Scithers, take a bow. -PL/ Damned if I could pick a favorite of the two. Perhaps Eddie's...but both are marvelous. And as to trying to rate the material within...oh, brother. I suppose top spot in my books would go to Lin Carter...I'll have to show this around to some of the Fu Manchu buffs in the neighborhood, it'll break 'em up for fair.

The Briney article was damn good and had me genuinely interested. I can remember vividly hearing one episode of the Fu Manchu radio series...hero and pals stuck in the middle of an enormous sheet of fly-paper; the gooey-gummy stuff was sort of animated. It kind of crawled up and over them of its own volition. The sound effects were scrumptious. Ahhh the sound of that olde gong...yes. As to the movie with Myrna Loy and all...must have seen it half a dozen times and would still take time out to watch it again...the sets, costumes, etc...real gosh-wow exotic.

But now I must protest. Perhaps Chicago-vicinity readers have already written you of this but at one time in Chicago-land we did have the tv series. Now this was shown, as I recall, on a Saturday morning. It was more than just one pilot film: the series went on for a month or a couple of months, all very shoddy and not at all mysterious or wonder-inspiring. But I would swear there was more than one episode because the first was so putrid I watched at least one more to check before dialing to something else. Either WGN-TV or WBKB-TV carried it. /And Mike Deckinger writes that the series was carried on WPIX in New York. Guess we just missed it. -PL/

Eddie Jones I feel shines the brightest in the 'Outer Space' section. Hen... yuk...the Comic Book Enthusiast was a doozer. Chuckle. Ummmmmmmmmm...nice repro on the Chesney comic strip...very nice. /Again, George. -PL/ The follow-up by Norm Clarke again revives the ol' sense of wonder. Fancy going to the show and seeing gimmicks like that. All the lil farewell cartoons in the letter-col were cleverly done...the Bjo one especially tickled me.

Rick Sneary'd better move over and make room for an old woman amid those old men who dug Jack Armstrong and the like...me. S'funny we get a party going here-there or anywhere and if enough of the group is near our age eventually we get around to singing it up...waving the flag for Hudson High, boys, and asking sweetly, Who's that little chatter-box, the one with curly auburn locks? And booooooming out as Paul Douglas used to do: "Buck Rogerrrrs in the Twenty-Fifth Century....."and then the rumble and the whoosh of the rockets ..Killer Kane, Ardala, Black Barney. Ah me. ....Uh...name the best single thing of the Xero era?? It would be a tie...Greatest Show and Fandi. And you can't really compare the two, and I can't really put one above the other...so by me it's a tie...okay?

RICHARD KYLE

(2126 Earl Avenue, Long Beach 6, California)

Roy Krenkel's cover was splendid, of course. And Eddie Jones' was good. But I really think that Bhob Stewart's art for "Kiss the Blood Off My Dacoits" was the highlight of the issue, editorial contents included. It was the product of sheer genius. Bhob's work has come a long way since I first saw it in Xero 4. The lettering, by Frank Wilimczyk, and the layout for the "Sax" page was outstanding.

For a while there, before I got to looking closely at the cartoons in "CI" (and before I consulted the contents page thoroughly), I thought maybe Steve Stiles would have to take a back seat in the cartoon business to Nelson, Rotsler, Reiss or Atom, but he managed to narrowly pull ahead of the competition at the last second or two. Plenty of finishing kick, I guess. It's called talent.

rating the remainder of the contents is a harder job. The editorial matter is more evenly balanced than usual. And then I think it's proper to consider your artists' exploration of space here, too.

1. "Et ceteras Explore Outer Space." Stewart and Stiles took the honors, Bhob for page 44, and Steve for 43. Stiles' work is technique-heavy, but that's understandable and proper at this stage of the game. Eddie Jones is an exceptional fan artist, but I have the feeling that his techniques do not come naturally to him; that (like his overstudied signature with its circle dotted "i" and its tail of the final "e" which curves -- abnormally -- back upon itself) his drawings would like to sprawl out more comfortably. It's good work, but, somehow, it's not Jones's work.

2. Bob Briney's "Sax" (which I'll return to later), Landon Chesney's "Two Flashes" (which is beautifully done -- and reproduced -- and which sums up every complain I've ever had about the new Flash in as stylish a way as possible), and "Curtain Call" by Norman Clarke (which should be incorporated into "The Greatest Shows Unearthly" and sold somewhere).

3. "The Very Model," by Lin Carter. Frankly, I have no ear for verse -- I'll admit it out flat -- but it does seem to me that there's something wrong with the meter here and there (particularly in the next to last verse), and that's the reason I'm not rating it higher. Parts of it are astonishingly clever, and other parts... well, maybe it's me. Lord knows, I've never had any talent along this line myself, and I may be reading it wrong.

4. "Fingerman." John Berry's story is better than many professional ones I've read, but it is still a non-professional story. I am not a pro writer myself, of course, and so I can't define precisely the areas of weakness. Among other problems, though, the lead character doesn't sound like a real dactyloscopist, the style is too "natural" for a fellow who's been in the hero's fix for six years (and I won't accept the claim of neurosis or hysteria), the scenes are too diffuse, there is no strong sense of being in the beginning or the middle or end of the story (and a good writer, like a good actor, always subtly telegraphs his next move) -- and the basic premise of the story strikes me as being quite unlikely. "Fingerman" will probably sell to Playboy or the movies, naturally, now that I've said this. And with all these weaknesses, I did like it.

5. Lin Carter's "Kiss the Blood Off My Dacoits" was extremely disappointing. "Dacoits" is as poor as "Patois" was good. Lin captured Sax Rohmer's style and approach and content only fragmentarily, and then only in the very early passages. Much of what he wrote bears no relationship to the Rohmer stories or to any of the Fu Manchu imitators' work. What a shame this was not a fraction as good as Bhob's accompanying art.

The reason certain authors acquire fan clubs has interested me, too. One of the principle reasons is the nature of an author's fans. If they're literate and like to write, he may have a first class fan club on his hands. On the other hand, if they're like Jack Woodford's.... Most of the reasons, though, have to come from the author. To have a fan club he must be an original, he must be prolific, he must have the common touch, and he must deal in heroes, and in ideals.

Of those romantic authors you mention, Baum, Burroughs, Doyle, Haggard and Brand fit the requirements. Claudy and Merritt weren't productive enough for a full-blown mystique to develop. Mundy was not an original. Lovecraft and Thayer did not deal in heroes. Cabell didn't have the common touch that means the long-term sale of low-priced books which keep a writer in the public's eye. (Brand, then, ought to have a fan club, and it does seem to me that one has been kind of fomenting around for years, waiting for the right time to boil over.)

Rohmer, like Lovecraft and Thayer, didn't deal in heroes. And so that let him out: it's difficult to admire and respect Fu Manchu. It's hard to imagine anyone wallowing in Fu's world-view -- a dip, now and then, fine, but not a bare-rumped swim out to the three mile limit.

Tarzan, though, or John Carter, or Sherlock Holmes, ah, good men, admirable men. We may smile indulgently at them from time to time, to be sure, but we'd still like to be them, for a little while, at least. Or we'd like to be in wonderful Oz.

So, given an author with the characteristics above, and fans with the characteristics above, we have fan clubs. And when an author's ideals pass away and his heroes begin to behave in a little less than heroic fashion (as I think Haggard's may be), so do the fans and the clubs.

Burroughs, I feel, is in for a good long run. I hope so. Honor and nobility of spirit have been trod on for too great a length of time in fiction. The Code of a Gentleman has its faults, but it has the virtue of believing in a fixed moral law. We have travelled so far, these last few years, away from the world where a man could be a Gentleman that it's a pleasure to go back again and rest a little. (And maybe in the meantime we can devise our own Unified Field Theory of morality that will fit all the current facts and still allow for that pride of being and sense of honor Burroughs's heroes felt so strongly, if not always about those things we value today.)

(This resurgence of interest in political conservatism reflects the same emotional response. We have been governed by open-hearted, cynical-minded, expediency, (sometimes still labeled "liberalism") for so long, that any theory of government with something resembling rules and regulations -- and that is anti-Communist -- possesses an enormous power to attract, regardless of how jury-rigged or McKinleyish it is. Some one of these days, someone is going to come along with a more valid restatement of the democratic ideal -- and I pity the political hacks in office then.)

So much for this current issue. What were the best Xero articles of all? Well, the comic book articles all got me right here, and so I'm not too fine a judge of them. They all seem good. Don Thompson's "O.K. Axis, Here We Come!", the first that I read, was the one I enjoyed the most. Thompson seemed to catch just the right flavor. Jim Harmon's "A Swell Bunch of Guys" was splendid too.

In the area where my judgement is less suspect, there is still a good long list of fine articles. Chris Steinbrunner's "Next Week: The Phantom Strikes Again!"; Walt Willis's "The Slant Story"; Lin Carter's "Notes on Tolkien"; Deindorfer and Stewart's "Fandi"; Norman Clarke's "The Greatest Shows Unearthly"; Carter's "Kiss the Blood Off My Patois"; Charles Collins's "The Making of a Fantastic Paperback"; Bob Briney's "Sax"; and Landon Chesney's "Two Flashes Meet the Purple Slagheap."

That list, together with the Thompson and the Harmon articles, which I know are good, is enough to kind of dumbfound me. I really wonder if any fan magazine has ever published as many really good stories in as short a time.

And that doesn't include many enjoyable items like Blish's "Secret Files of Captain Video"; or Collins's "The Fantastic Paperback"; or, yes, H.P. Norton's "The Caliph of Auburn, a Dissertation Upon the Phantastic Tales of Clark Ashton Smith (1893 - 1961)." Or the excellent columns and departments ("EI" has been particularly well conducted and the editorials have been very good).

And the best article of the ten issues?

I suspect it's that article in the issue I don't have. "The Big Red Cheese" in Xero 1. That's the way of the world.

The best artwork? Covers: Sylvia Dees' for 3, Larry Ivie's for 5, Stewart's for 9, and Krenkel's for 10; and honorable mentions for Steve Stiles' back cover for 9 and Jones' for 10. The covers for 9 and 10 were best; it's a dead heat.

Interior art: Sylvia Dees' for the comic articles, Larry Ivie's for "Next Week," Stewart's for "Results of Another Goddam Poll," Stewart's for "Kiss the Blood Off My Patois," and Stewart's for "Kiss the Blood Off My Dacoits." The last was the best of them all.

Layout: Sylvia Dees' for the opening page of "The Spawn of M. C. Gaines," Ivie's for opening page of "Next Week," Stewart's for "Hocus Focus," Stewart's for "Results," Stewart's for "The Silver Dagger" in 10, and Wilimczyk's for "Sax." I rather favor the "Silver Dagger" layout.

Cartoons: Steve Stiles, Reiss, and Stewart, in that order. Great stuff from Stiles, and Reiss's work was quite good, too, just before he mysteriously disappeared.

Decorative art: Atom's work by a mile.

I guess that just about takes care of that, except for the "phantom issue" of Xero. The one with Stiles's article on "The Spirit" (or Sylvia Dees'), Bill Thailing's "Batman" article, Walter Breen's rundown on comic book villains, and with Haywood P. Morton's "preview" chapter from his novel. Sounds pretty good for a starter, eh? I'll bet the rest of the contents, the ones we never heard about, were pretty nifty too.

//Okay, you want the contents of the 'phantom Xero'? In addition to those you've listed, here are the rest:

Absolute Xero, Part 1: I Was an Audience Reaction for an Independent Television Rating Service and Found that Movies are Better than Ever
Part 2: A Funny Thing Happened to Me on the Way to the LIFE Letter Column ...by Dick Lupoff
Bye Bye Bridgy ...by Chris Steinbrunner
Convention Photos and Commentary ...by Dean Grennell and Jack Harness
Kiss the Blood Off My Waziri ...by Lin Carter
Two Jacks in the Hole ...by Jack Biblo and Jack Tannen
Notes on Merritt ...by Lin Carter
Block That Pseudonym ...by Randall Garrett
Inside Signet Books ...by James Blish
The Funniest Business in the World ...by Dave Foley
*EI ...conducted by Pat Lupoff

All in Color might have consisted of any of the following:
Of (Super) Human Bondage ...by Larry Ivie and Lee Anne Lavell
Memos from the Boy Commandoes ...by Harlan Ellison
Jingle Jangle Tales & The Pie-Faced Prince of Old Pretzleburg ...by Harlan
It's Magic! ...by Don Thompson and Dick Lupoff
At Home in the Batcave ...by Laurence M. Janniffer and Marion Zimmer Bradley
Charles Biro and Mr. Hyde ...by Don Thompson
Airboy and the Heap ...by Dick Schultz
That Crazy Buck Rogers Stuff ...by Ray Beam

*With letters from Bruce Pelz, Richard Bergeron, Bob Tucker, Dean Grennell, Dr. Fredric Wertham, et seq.

There is no, repeat no chance of our ever publishing that "phantom issue", or ever again an issue of Xero. The project is completed. Other activities beckon. But if any foolhardy fan feels like trying to duplicate the famous "gag" issue of Astounding, he's welcome to use the "phantom Xero" as a point of departure. Come to think of it, we'd love to read it! -PL/RL//

ETHEL LINDSAY

(Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, Great Britain)

So that's the final Xero...it's all very sad...and I don't know how you have the heart to do it. I hope you stick to your vow to stay in general pubbing, and don't disappear into that awful FAPA. At the thought of no more brilliant Xero covers -- I cringe.

But to the contents: I'd like to read just one Berry story where he scraps that opening paragraph meant to entice the reader. This reader is by now mildly irritated by it. John seems to be strong on plot and weak on style. This is one of his well-plotted affairs (though I can't believe the hero would not have guessed the identity of the dentist correctly) ruined for me by the too-familiar mode of telling.

I never got bit by the Fu Manchu bug even though I read them avidly at the uncritical age. I was probbably saved by reading so much else. The art section really is good! Lin Carter has quite a sense of humour, hasn't he? I have been impressed by his Spectrum; and wish I had time to write and say so. Humour and a good critical faculty -- that's a good combination! The comic strip is really gorgeous; I shudder to think of the work involved in the colour overlay.

I notice you are asking for the best single item in all the Xeros. My vote would go to the results of your "goddam poll" and particularly to the letter by Bob Shea. I liked his political philosophy as much as anything I've ever read -- he certainly proved to me that many political labels are more confusing than anything else. And I've just spent twenty minutes browsing through the Xeros so that I could reread it. I've had to be stern with myself and stop...so then, back to the letter section and John Boardman's letter. His remarks on Tolkien made me goggle. Goodness knows I'm no rabid Tolkien fan...but...but! I've rarely seen a more biased view of a writer's intentions! My goodness...does John breathe out maledictions like this on everything that he suspects does not share his views! Now this is the kind of idiocy to get us so-called 'left-wingers' a bad name!

HARRY WARNER

(423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland)

All sorts of strange thoughts scamper through my mind regarding this tenth issue of Xero. One is a sense that there couldn't possibly be any more, just as it's impossible to think of anything over and beyond the Ten Commandments. Another is the revival of a feeling that I haven't had for a long, long time, the combined happiness and depression when a long-awaited Christmas arrived and I knew that the day, no matter how welcome, now could never come again in the sense that I'd be a different person and it would be a different day the next December. The tenth Xero is pretty much like Christmas. There is the purely selfish thought that I'm certainly making strides in reducing the backlog of mail when I write this letter. There must have been 500 pages of fanzines awaiting letters of comment, and now the pile is 20 per cent thinner.

However, all this isn't getting to the main purpose, the comments on Xero. I don't know what to say about the John Berry story. The basic premise isn't likely to hit most of its readers as strongly as John intended, because the layman isn't going to feel as surprised if he hears about identical fingerprints on two individuals. I can look at a finger-print and find in it such a comparatively small number of features that I feel more astonished when I learn that it's unique in the world. I can understand that an expert can see the little subtleties that create the distinctiveness but I can't see them myself. The story seems to be written on a thoroughly professional level and I'm sure that a detective story fan would be more captivated by the narrator's struggle to accept this situation than I was.

I have never read a Sax Rohmer novel, but I found Bob Briney's article much better written and more gripping to my interest than many articles I've read in scholarly books and magazines on great authors whose works I haven't read. To go even deeper into the list of my deprivations, I never even saw a Fu Manchu movie. My only experience with that individual was in the medium that Bob doesn't mention, a comic strip that must have appeared in the late 1930's. All I can remember about it was the artist's effort to make his drawings as photographic as possible in appearance, instead of caricaturing familiar objects and making the individuals distinctive by emphasis on some facial or body peculiarity. I seem to remember also that the strip was different in some basic way from most newspaper comic strips, possibly containing the dialog in small print beneath each picture and dispensing with the balloons. I assume that Lin Carter's latest Kiss is a parody of Rohmer's style. This reflects great credit on either Lin or me, if I've figured this out without benefit of acquaintance with the original.

The art section is wonderful but I continue to find it very difficult to write at any length about pictures. I know that fanzine artists are muttering angrily because they don't get enough egoboo in letter sections and that they feel that their work isn't appreciated. But it's really as difficult to say something relevant and communicative about a drawing as about a musical composition. It's harder, in fact, because you can usually fake a comment on the music by spending most of your words on the interpreter. About the best I can do is to say that these pictures make me even more certain that fanzine art is much better than prozine art now -- all fanzine art against all prozine art, that is; some fanzine writing is better than some prozine writing but the writing can't yet compete as a whole. As for "Two Flashes Meet the Purple Slagheap," I intend to be utterly churlish and ungrateful and impolite by saying that my reaction was basically this: anything that required so much work and was accomplished so superbly should have represented something of more permanent worth than yet another comic strip burlesque. I had visions of what this time and expense would have done for Bjo sketches of convention episodes or a Tattooed Dragon grouping in compatible color.

Sparky Watts is the first comic book hero you've described in Xero who interests me enough to make me feel as if I'd really like to hunt out and own the publications containing his adventures. //I think this is due to Richard Kyle's marvelous style of writing more than it is to Sparky Watts himself...on the other hand, Kyle apparently did not impell you to rush out and seek old copies of Blue Beetle with his article on that publication. -PL//

I imagine that an excellent case could be made for Sparky as the modern equivalent of Paul Bunyan. Presumably its manner of creation was quite similar, because I believe that most folklore narratives derive from the creativity of a very small number of individuals, instead of springing up by some kind of spontaneous generation in which hundreds of generations provide fertilizing elements. The events retold here make me certain that Sparky isn't a bit inferior to Paul in genuine humorous qualities. Incidentally, I nearly suffered my third broken hip by toppling backwards in the chair when I turned the page and saw page 64. The fellow there is the spitting image of a local real estate agent.

Your letter section is so interesting that I wonder if you aren't breeding an uncontrollable monster when you plan to produce a final EI. //It's uncontrollable, all right. I had a devil of a time choosing letters, even after Dick and volunteer Steve Stiles gave them two preliminary sifts. There were way over 100 pages to start with, from everybody from P. Schuyler Miller to Guy Terwilliger; the first sift brought the stack down to about 50 pages, and the second, to 30. There, Steve and Dick quit, saying they could cut no more. I waded in, determined to get them down to 10 pages, and obviously didn't make that goal, but... -PL//

Remember how the letters, even though severed from the trunk of Imagination! lived for many years as VOM and how Ackerman never did have the heart to continue all-out fanning after that experience. The happy remarks about the Captain Marvel serial make me wish you'd kept going long enough to run an article on the stuff that is available on films for collectors who haven't the patience and money to dig into the really out-of-the-way sources. I haven't seen any of the modern serials listed in advertisements, but several chapters of Pearl White serials with fantasy elements are available on 8 mm or 16 mm at normal home movie prices.

I'm as unhappy about the Hugos as Richard Kyle seems to be, partly because of the secrecy that is maintained about the vote totals, partly because of varying considerations which voters seem to use for their choices. If we accept the premise that "Twilight Zone" won Hugos several years because few fans had access to imported movies or stage productions, then what do we do about the victory of a low-circulation publication like Who Killed Science Fiction? It must have gotten many votes simply because of its reputation, unless the number of voters is extremely low, and mainly restricted to the most active fans who are likely to be SAPS members, or on Earl's (private) mailing list. //On specifics: WKSF was unquestionably seen/read by many more persons than actually received copies of their own; and the Discon-adopted change in Hugo rules should decisively remove the built-in advantage of series productions, such as TZ, in the "Drama" category. //On basics, there is unquestionably a problem situation in Hugo selections, one threatening to reach crisis proportions although surely not critical as yet. All the more reason to act now, while there is time to plan and confer. If not enough fans vote in the nominating round to assure valid slates, an IFA-type committee might be selected to nominate, with final voting left on its present basis. The NomCom might be one group, or (in those fields where "SF people" rather than outsiders usually win) a panel of former winners and/or the preceding year's nominees might nominate the slate in each category. //At any rate, action is needed to prevent the debasement of a widely-respected institution. The solution is surely not to boycott voting!//

PAUL WILLIAMS

(163 Brighton Street, Belmont, Massachussetts)

Krenkel's cover is very workmanlike and mood-catching, rather professional but not too inspiring. It's a nice quiet cover, if you know what I mean. The Jones cover, on the other hand, is inspiring, and quite clever. The theme is well-executed artistically, and the color! I guess that's your Rextriping, although I don't really understand how you do it so accurately. //No, no, it was George Scithers' multilithography! -PL//

If you've managed to pretty much vent your passionate nostalgics into Xero, and are now reasonably cured, this fanzine has done you much good. Perhaps you will now write an illuminating article on "Fanzines as Catharsis" and will throw open a whole new therapy. Fancom could use more people curing themselves by means of spectacular ten-issue fanzines. And -- it occurs to me -- perhaps the monster fanzines are doing American youth some good after all.

Well, I see Avram Davidson has lost his position as the only one ever to use dentistry legitimately in a science fiction story. And how many have used dactyloscopy? "Fingerman" was a good story, just as much a mystery as an SF piece. The plot was certainly worthwhile and well thought out, and the style was not particularly amateurish. Like most Berry stories, it moved slowly, but it did move. It caught my interest. Still, in case anyone is wondering, this story has approximately no chance of selling to any of the prozines. Berry's style is completely unslick -- it's casual, neither slimy, sophisticated, nor polished -- and does not fit in any prozine you can name.

It's fine in a fanzine (when the story itself is worthwhile, that is) but professionally it would resemble a shy, very rustic lad in the middle of Grand Central during the rush hour. The lad could be a genius, but it won't help him much.

Alas, the final paragraph of Bob Briney's "Sax" explains the whole article. Always in AICFAD, or in an article on Captain Future, or in a piece on Wild West Weekly, the thing that made fascinating reading out of an article concerned with crud was the sense of wonder the author conveyed in his writing. And what might have been an engrossing piece on the works of a long-time hack ended up merely an annotated bibliography, near worthless and quite disappointing for most readers (the ones who aren't Rohmer fans). //For most readers? For you, without question, if you say so, but for most readers? Whom did you poll? When? How? -PL// These things happen, and perhaps it was inevitable, and one must appreciate the fact that Bob Briney gave it the old college try, but.... If I ever, for some unghodly reason, actually want to know something about some particular Rohmer book, fine, but as it is...I'm afraid I didn't get much out of "Sax."

"Kiss the Blood Off My Bacoits" is another matter -- it certainly manages to convey the sense of blunder invoked by Rohmer's stuff, and makes an amusing parody. And Bhob's whaddayacallit is amazing. Unbelievable. How does he do it? No, don't bother explaining, //Good, I can't -PL// I'll let it remain a wonder. Some things, when you understand them, lose all their beauty.

Clearly the best thing in Xero #10 is ADESabE (that's short for ATDAEJSSabsEOS). I notice that you lump all the artwork into a portfolio in order to save money on stenafaxing, and then go and redeem yourselves, and make it look good, and spend all the money you saved, by putting everything in a different color. It's impressive, I assure you. //No money considerations involved. We always have as many spot illos stenafaxed on each sheet as we can, then cut them apart and patch them into regular stencils. Aside from saving 'faxing costs, it makes the stencils a lot easier to handle -- the thin 'faxed stencils curl and tear with maddening ease, but a faxed illo patched into a regular stencil is relatively easy to work with. Except for some of the really wild stripers, like pages 43 and 46, each color meant a separate pass through the Rex, with a different color ink. Leaf 39/40 went through five times.//

The first ATom is nice, quiet, typical ATom, and a good example of ATom's work, expressive in its simplicity of idea, its nicely varied and carefully planned composition. Steve Stiles' first is not one of his best. The man is quite forceful, but the eyes aren't haunting enough; it's interesting to note that the man's eyes are almost taken away from him completely in order to make the watching eyes stand out to the reader. But one isn't disturbed, if one is supposed to be. Eddie's first definitely doesn't come off -- the angel is far too clumsy-looking, and the rocket is a little heavy itself. The texture is quite nice, though; that man sure knows how to use shading plates. //No, no, he used only ink; it was stenafaxed!//

Bhob's first is pretty goofy, too ostentatious for my tastes, and the central figure seems repelling as well as meaningless. Interestingly, if you take away the giant microphone thing, the tree and road and mountains form a very nice scene, an effect I never before noticed (perhaps it wasn't there) in bhob's art. Eddie's second piece is much better than his first; he seems to be quite at home in faces and headgear.

The second ATom is a perfectly captured alien scene. How can Arthur capture aliens so perfectly, so realistically, so rationally? I suppose it takes an active imagination and a good hand with a pen. And his backgrounds, too, are real! Adkins' piece is not a bad representation, but his brush (or whatever) doesn't seem to have the magic that many of your artists do. I suppose this sometimes happens when you get used to pro work. But Adkins' piece back on page 20 is impressive and imagination stirring.

Steve Stiles' hand protesting against the gun is very nice: full of feeling both in the scene itself and in the unseen actions. And the gun fires very nicely.

"Space Madness" is not entirely effective but still highly stirring, very eerie... and those eyes...those Steve Stiles eyes... bhob Stewart's rhapsody in blue is very cute -- obviously, intentionally so. It looks like an illo for some story written for Analog, rejected by Campbell, and sold to the SEPost. Very clever. And very nicely executed. Steve's next (Rextriping?) is, in its vagueness, quite successful at mood - evoking. /Inked, reverse-statted, stenafaxed, Rextriped./ AToM's last is not one of his better ones, but it points out how AToM puts personality into his rocket ships, by giving them eyes or expressions. An interesting and effective technique.

I don't quite understand what is being portrayed in Steve Stiles' illo of the man with the helmet, etc.; still it can be appreciated just as a drawing, and a good one. /A doodle./ Has somebody with large shoes been stepping on those characters' faces?--bhob's final thing also goes right by me, tho I like the color it's done in (available from ABDick, or Gestetner, or where?). /Gestetner Grape paled out with Gestetner White./ I seem to recall that when I first looked at it it looked like a sort of Alice in Wonderland jazz concert, with all sorts of characters sitting on toadstools, but I can't make it do that any more. Now it just looks like some sort of weirdness with cliffs and waves, and maybe it's Sam Moskowitz yawning.

And finally, I think Steve Stiles' drawing of the man shaking his fist at the approaching rocket is the best piece of artwork between (between, notice) the covers of Xero #10. And that's high praise indeed, worthy of the emotion and effect of such a picture as this.

Although Lin never explains why he is the very etc, he has done a very nice pastiche here (and why do SF types always use G&S for constructing take-offs? Some glutton for punishment should do an anthology of SF G&Ses, using all the Garrett and Asimov stuff as well as all the fan pieces). /Attention, Hanson, Metcalf, etc: "The Science-Fictional Gilbert and Sullivan"?/

Two Flashes: Not bad; I guess it's intended as a somewhat tongue-in-cheek look at comic characters and some of their little foibles. That line, "Viola!", is a classic, particularly in your use of it at the end of the editorial. I can just see this towering Xero, standing behind your little editorial as you say "Viola!" /Hey, that's even better!/, and then bashing you over the head. It's an interesting sight. And say, what process was used in reproing the comic? Is it ditto, or what? /Scithers' Multilith./

/Ah - at last, almost an entire letter of comment on the artwork in Xero -- most people either rave about it or tear their hair, but you are just about the first one ever to comment on it intelligently and at length. And barely in time at that. You collect $200 for passing GO!! -PL/

Richard Kyle's justification of AICFAD on page 55 is excellent. His article is almost as good. Here is an example of something that is written out of a sense of nostalgia. He manages to get across to the reader his enthusiasm for something the reader (well, most readers) has no experience with. He even manages to give a number of good reasons why "Sparky Watts" was better than most comics. AICFAD is a series I'm sorry to see end. I never would have guessed it, but you can tap some really worthwhile reservoirs of writing talent by means of this nostalgia business. Writing from the heart, they calls it...

"Curtain Call": not much to this -- just a little snippet to add on to the end of "The Greatest Shows Unearthly." Where are we going to see more of this guy's writings? /In some mass-circulation slick, one would hope. -PL/

As usual, the face of faces leading off I slightly croggles me. The registration isn't quite perfect, but maybe the things that overlap are supposed to; anyway, it's quite good. Has this character been growing since the beginning of Xero? I notice he's grown a beard since the last issue. //No, he's only been growing since # 8.//

I forgot to mention, back there somewhere, that I loved "The Bridge of Sighs." And, aptly enough, my "Absolute Xero" illo had two ink blotches on it, which looked as though a little had been spilled on the clamp that holds in the stencil on either side. Ironic. //Er, no such clamps on the Rex. Those splotches probably result from my trying to run the paper too near the edge of an old and fraying silk screen. -RL//

Let's see...checkmarks in the lettercol...what've we got? John Baxter would be interested to know that here in the States there have been a couple of recent parodies of Ian Fleming and his James Bond. The OUTSIDER'S NEWSLETTER has been running a continuing James Bland serial by that master of parody, C.D.B. Bryan, which has Mr. Bland rushing all over the world to the latest trouble spots, flaring his nostrils all the while -- it's really quite funny. And the Harvard Lampoon has published a little volume called Alligator (a J*mes B*nd thriller). In that one character is killed when his bicycle slides on the streets of Bermuda, goes out of control, and throws him over the handlebars onto the rocks below. B*nd comments: "He pointed to the green liquid pool of slime in the road. 'Ambergris. Fiendishly clever. Whale vomit is pretty hard to trace.'" I don't much care for Fleming's books, but the parodies of them...that's a different matter.

Campbell often forces writers to add psi to their stories. But John Baxter has said nothing to refute Pohl's neatest little statement: that if there is any good sf that hasn't been published, he'll publish it, and therefore....

Le Club des Bandes Dessinees has received quite a write-up in Fiction (the French F&SF); in fact, it apparently originated from discussions there. When I first noticed it, I couldn't even think, off-hand, of what "Bandes-Dessinees" might be, which shows how wide-awake I was, and how much I cared. But for the benefit of all you Men With Ten Thousand Comic Books, it (the club) currently has about 400 members the fourth ish of Giff-Wiff has appeared, and they are busy reprinting Guy L'Eclair and stuff like that.

A local "joint" called Club 47 (because it's at 47 Mr. Auburn St.) which does all sorts of weird stuff (and also some not so weird things, such as featuring Jackie Washington practically twice a month) has been running the Captain Marvel serial in large quantities. I guess the college kids like them. No, I haven't seen any. You see, I'm not really old enough yet to be nostalgic. I guess that someday will find me dreamily thinking back on some of the nonsense I see/hear/read/do nowadays. To each his own.

Richard Kyle makes this statement: "I quit voting because the Hugo is given out about as discriminatingly as the Oscar." Since I'm sure every Xero reader knows how the Hugos are awarded, we will let that brilliant and scintillating statement stand without comment. Except for maybe a snicker or two.

And since when are there only four magazine sf markets, Mr. Kyle? You've eliminated the well-paying men's magazines, you've eliminated the fancy slicks, you've eliminated the literary mags, you've eliminated the Nova pubs in Britain, and, most important of all, you've eliminated the whole original paperback market, which is thriving. But even the four markets now available that you mention cover the field a lot better, and with more variety, than the titles available in 1953. The only thing missing is a Weird Tales-type market.

Well, you'll see me at the Discon, bidding for that set of Xero. //Ho there, time-binder! We did enjoy seeing you; that Saturday night progressive party was a ball; and Freddy Norwood surely appreciated your passing on the Gospel according to Leman Monday night. Sorry you missed the bound set -- Frank Prieto got it for $25. -PL//

I note that Steve Stiles Knows What It's Like To Be A Fanartist. This is something I've felt strongly about: fanartists are forced to thrive on far too little egoboo. They've adjusted to it, but it just Isn't Right. I have been attempting to remedy this, both personally (I always try to say something about worthwhile artwork ((like, if it appears in Void I say "Why don't you get Joni Cornell?")) either in locs or in letters to the artist involved, whenever for one reason or another I happen to be writing to a fanartist) and in my fanzine. In Within I have been encouraging people to comment on artwork, and meanwhile doing my best to make good use of the artwork and to get good art. Strangely, for a faned with no artistic talent, who just learned the other day that he can stencil art, I have been at least as concerned about the art in Wit as the written material. It is my hope that at least in Wit, if damn seldom elsewhere, the artist (not just cover but interior) will get the blankety-blank comment he deserves.

And in practicing what I preach, I notice that I haven't commented on all the LI cartoons yet, which Steve Stiles must have a good deal of interest in. I with I'd really looked at the parodies before I saw the third page and realized that they were parodies; I just glanced at them and as a result can't say for certain how good they'd be at fooling me. However, from the unfair viewpoint of hindsight: on the Ray Nelson one, the over-all effect is quite convincing, but I think that the fingers and feet are a litele too crude -- Ray is drawing his stuff more detailed nowadays. Rotsler's is very accurate; the nose is a little off I think, but still a very good job. Bjo's, tho, isn't too good: the lettering, with the big T's, helps give it away as Stiles, not Trimble, and somehow the overall effect is one of in-the-Bjo-style rather than by Bjo. ATom's is a little too crude; the hair should be pointed like a star, I think, and where are the navels? The Reiss could pass for Reiss, I think, but his style was never too intricate anyway (tho if you'd tried to do a late model Reiss, you might have run into more trouble). Altogether a very intriguing and nicely handled portfolio (and just incidentally, the cartoons were amusing). As for the remaining cartoons, I enjoyed very much the aerosol can against the devil one, and I certainly liked the others too. "After Xero, What?" is a good question, and I certainly hope there is an answer.//There is. -PL//

Bye Bye Bridey, yourself. Good grief!

ED WOOD

(160 Second Street, Idaho Falls, Idaho)

Best thing I thought in the issue was Bob Briney's "Sax." Several days after receiving Xero, I got Bradford M. Day's Sax Rohmer: A Bibliography which leads me to comment on Briney's article. I think he could have mentioned that "Brood of the Witch Queen" also appeared in Famous Fantastic Mysteries, January, 1951. Also he said that 2/3's of it appeared in Munsey's Magazine for 1923. In Day's index the only 1923 Munsey Rohmer stories are in the "It Came Out of Egypt" series. Maybe Briney has made a discovery that Day should know about. //I imagine that whichever bibliographer has his 1923 wrong should be eager to get the correct information.//

Also I believe Briney is not correct when he says, "requires a rereading of Rohmer's entire output..." If he has reread all of Rohmer I'd appreciate it if he would lean me the 12 parts of FU MANCHU AND THE PANAMA CANAL, Liberty, November 16, 1939 to February 1, 1940. He may have meant all his published books and should have said so. I quibble, I know, but it is an excellent article and could be even better with the errors removed. //As mentioned with the article in Xero 10, Bob is happy to receive any additional/corrective information on Rohmer. A major point of "Sax"'s publication is not that the article is imperfect, but that it was researched, written, and published...Briney did not just sit on his overpadded seat squealing and whining in the fashion of other advocates of critical/bibliographic work, with whom odious comparison might be made. -PL/RL//

The Index

This Index is divided into three sections: Art, General Contributions, and Letters, arranged alphabetically by contributor. If a desired item cannot be found in one section of the Index, it may be in another, as some items are of dubious classification. For instance, Art generally covers covers, cartoons, and illustrations; independent art contributions and/or comic strips are listed as General Contributions. Similarly, there may be some questions regarding the classification of Letters and General Contributions.

In the Art and General Contributions sections, issue number and page number (preceded by C for split issues where the referenced item was in the Comics section) are given. For Letters, issue only is given.

Indexed publications are The Rumble (abbreviated R), Flyer 1 - 5 (indicated F1, etc.) Xero 1-10 (indicated by number only), and The Reader's Guide to Barsoom and Amtor (in actuality, an overflow of Burroughs material from Xero 10) (abbreviated G), & Index (.

If any errors in the Index are found by readers, please do not tell me about them: I do not intend to publish an errata sheet, and you'll only depress me.

- Dick

ART:

ADKINS, Dan
9/7; 10/20

ATOM (See THOMSON, Arthur)

BAB
10/48

BELL, Cathy
5/12, 17, 38, 42; 8/58; 9/80; 10/1,77

BUDRYS, Algis
6/19

CARTER, Lin
7/15

COULSON, Juanita
3/38; 4/29; 5/bacover

CURTIS, Maggie (See THOMPSON, Maggie)

DEES, Sylvia
2/15; 3/23, 24, 25, 28, 29, 30, 33, 35; 5/5; 6/43, 49, 51, 52, 61, 63

ENGLISH, Dave
2/cover, 6, 14, 41; 5/15, 18; 6/29,39

GUGG (See Trend, Greg)

HIEF, Tom
R/2, 3, 4; 1/4, 17, 20, 22, 24, 25, 28, 37, 38

IVIE, Larry
4/30; 5/cover; 6/6, 21; G/map

JONES, Eddie
10/cover, 24, 39, 41

KRENKEL, Roy
10/cover; G/cover

MORIARTY, Jim
8/Ccover, 1, 2, 3, 9, 10, 15, 16, 17, 20, 22, 25, 27; 10/56, 59, 6[illegible], 62, 64, 66, 68, 69, 70, 71

MURPHY, Tom
6/bacover

REISS, Andy
4/25, 40, 52, 54; 5/14, 36, 39; 6/26, 31, 34, 37, 40, 41, 42, 75; 7/17; 9/5

ROOT, Jock
4/47

SANDERS, Joe
1/cover; 5/15

SCHULTZ, Dick
3/20

STEWART, bhob
Art editor, 4-9; co-editor, 10; 3/3, 5, 8, 9, 14, 16, 21; 4/cover, 7, 10, 14, 24, 27; 5/2, 6, 7, 8, 9, 16, 19, 23, 25, 26, 31, 40 (cont'd next page)

STEWART, bhob (cont'd)
6/cover, 8, 9, 15, 21, 59;
7/12, 16, 17, 27, 28, 31;
8/cover, 6, 7, 46, 47;
9/cover, 26, 39, 80;
10/5, 34, 40, 44, 47, 77, 100;
G/13

STILES, Steve
4/9, 16, 17, 18;
5/10, 11, 30, 48;
6/22, 24, 25, 27, 28, 32, 33;
7/cover, 30, 47, 51, 52, 54;
8/19, 20, 36, 39, 50;
9/11, 13, 29, 45, 52, 75, 94, 100, bacover;
10/2, 38, 42, 45, 46, 47, 78, 80, 82, 84, 88, 92, 94, 96, 98;
I/cover;
F5/3, 4

THOMAS, Roy
9/65, 71, 75, 78

THOMPSON, Maggie
4/Ccover, 1, 3, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 17;
7/bacover, 37, 41, 42, 44, 45

THOMSON, Arthur
7/4, 9, 24, 29, 33;
8/2, 32, 38, 44, 46, 51, 52, 53, 70;
9/2, 46, 51;
10/38, 41, 45;
I/20, 26

TREMPER, Lee Anne
1/5, 27, 30, 36
4/20, 33, 37

TREND, Greg
8/1;9/1

WARREN, James
5/28, 29

WHITE, Sylvia (See DEES, Sylvia)

WILLIAMSON, Al
G/69

WILLINCZYK, Frank
10/17

GENERAL CONTRIBUTIONS:

BEAM, Ray
What to Do About It 2/2

BENTCLIFFE, Eric
Fourpence Each and All in Writing 5/32

BERRY, John
Bedtime Story 7/4
Fingerman 10/4

BINDER, Otto
At Home with the Marvels 3/23

BLISH, James
The Secret Files of Captain Video 3/17
Some Comments 4/12
The Hard Way 5/22
Theological Science Fiction 8/26

BREEN, Walter (with Pat & Dick Lupoff)
The Rumble R

BRINEY, Bob
Sax 10/13

BUSBY, F.M.
At the Sign of the Mad Dog's Knee 4/7

CARTER, Lin
The Nautilus, the Albatross, the Columbiad 6/35
Books 7/10; 8/34; 9/40
Notes on Tolkien 7/18; 8/40; 9/30
Kiss the Blood Off My Patois 9/26
Kiss the Blood Off My Dacoits 10/34
I Am the Very Model 10/48

CASTILLO, Art
Guest Editorial 4/53; 5/55

CHESNEY, Landon
Two Flashes Meet the Purple Slagheap 10/49

CLARKE, Norman
The Greatest Shows Unearthly 8/14
Curtain Call 10/75

COLLINS, Charles M.
The Fantastic Paperback 6/22
The Making of a Fantastic Paperback 9/55

COULSON, Robert (Buck)
A Pretty Big Percentage 3/3
The Silver Dagger 4/26; 5/26; 6/15; 7/33; 8/47; 9/62

DAVIDSON, Avram (Colonel)
He Swooped on His Victims and Bit Them on the Nose 5/40
Reader Beware! 6/8
Painful Parts 8/30

De CAMP, L. Sprague
Doing Nothing Defined 8/30

DECKINGER, Mike
Those High-Flying Spaceships 2/7
Madness and Horror 3/6

DEINDORFER, Gary
Fandi 8/21

DONAHO, Bill
Ninth Fandom? 4/4

EBERT, Rog
Contention 5/5
Protection 5/6
Next-to-last Statement 5/7
My Last Annish 6/20
Kreegh-Kill! 8/13
Snippets 8/39

ELLINGTON, Dick
Me to your Leader Take (AICFAD) 6/49

ELLISON, Harlan
Psycho 1/6

GORMAN, Ed
The Incredulous Eye 5/36

HARMON, Jim
A Bunch of Swell Guys (AICFAD) 3/22

HARRIS, Larry M. (L.M.Jannifer)
From the SF Shelf 2/11; 3/10; 4/19; 5/16; 6/10
Where Do You Get thos Crazy Ideas? 3/14

IVIE, Larry
Preliminary Sketches 9/61
The Face of Barsoom G/39

KERR, Frank Arthur
Crossword Horror 1/16
Crossword Solution 2/10

KYLE, Richard
The Education of Victor Fox (AICFAD) 8/01
Sparky Watts and the Big Shots (AICFAD) 10/55

LUPOFF, Pat (with W. Breen & R. Lupoff)
The Rumble R

LUPOFF, Pat (with Dick Lupoff)
Flyer 1, 2, 3, 4, 5

LUPOFF, Pat
The Insidious Mr. Ward 1/3
The Worlds of Titus Groan 1/9
EI (conductor) 3 - 10, I
Absolute Xero 6/2
Guest Review 9/46

LUPOFF, Dick (with W.Breen & P.Lupoff)
The Rumble R

LUPOFF, Dick (with Pat Lupoff)
Flyer 1, 2, 3, 4, 5

LUPOFF, Dick
Xerogenesis 1/2
The Big Red Cheese (AICFAD) 1/7
Absolute Xero 1/36; 2/46; 3/48; 4/2; 5/2; 7/2; 8/2; 9/2; 10/2
Spreading It Around 3/21
Shaz-urk 3/30
The Several Soldiers of Victory (AICFAD) 6/43
Guest Review 9/53
Publisher's Preface G/3
But Was It Science Fiction? G/7
Afterword G/83

LYNCH, Hal
An Open Letter to Ray Beam 4/15
Hocus Focus 5/9

MAZZEO, Henry
The Shadow Meets Snoopy 8/45

MERLYN, Arthur (See BLISH, James)

NORTON, H. P.
The Caliph of Auburn 8/52

POHL, Frederik
How Westlake's Spy Got into Galaxy's Elevator 8/28

PONG, Hoy Ping
The Master Shall Not Abate 6/31

SAMPLE, Les
Is Ted Pauls a Poltergeist? 2/26

SOHUG, Peter
Mesopotamia 5/15

SHAW, Larry
But Numbers Will Never Hurt Me 4/10

STEINBRUNNER, Chris
Next Week: The Phantom Strikes Again 4/30

STEWART, bhob
James Warren: Rising Young Talent 5/28
Writers at Work 8/33; 9/54

STILES, Steve
Old and Tired and.... 8/16

THOMAS, Roy
Captain Billy's Whiz Gang (AICFAD) 9/65

THOMPSON, Don
A Hard Core 3/2
O.K. Axis, Here We Come (AICFAD) 4/C1
The Wild Ones (AICFAD) 7/37

TUCKER, Wilson (Bob)
Guest review 9/47

VAN ARNAM, David G.
Guest review 8/35
The Martian Odyssey of Edgar Rice Burroughs G/13
Venus Observed G/47

WARNER, Harry
Hocus Focus 5/8

WHITE, Ted
The Spawn of M. C. Gaines (AICFAD) 2/15
Son of the Spawn of M.C. Gaines 3/35

WILLIS, Walter Alexander
The Slant Story 6/4; 7/25; 8/17

WOLFF, Russ
A Club of Their Own 3/4

WOLLHEIM, Donald A.
Nor Has He Inquired 8/32
Barsoom Should Need No Introduction G/5

LETTERS:

ACKERMANN, Henry Andrew
3

ANDERSON, Donald
2

BASHLOW, Robert
2

BAXTER, John
8, 9, 10

BEALE, Ken
6

BENTCLIFFE, Eric
10

BERMAN, Ruth
3

BINDER, Otto
2

BLISH, James
4, 5, 6, 7, I

BOARDMAN, John
10

BOGGS, Redd
3, I

BOUCHER, Anthony
5, 6, 10, I

BREEN, Walter
2, 3, I

BRINEY, Bob
4, 5, 7, 9, 10, I

BUDRYS, Algis
5, 6

BUSBY, F. M.
1

CALKINS, Gregg
2, 5

CHALKER, Jack
8

CONDIT, Tom
2

COULSON, Robert (Buck)
3, 9

CURTIS, Maggie (See THOMPSON, Maggie)

DAVIDSON, Avrem (Colonel)
6, 7, 8

DECKINGER, Mike
2

DEINDORFER, Gary
I

DeWeese, Eugene
4

DONAHO, Bill
2

DUPLA, Dr. Antonio
I

EBERT, Rog
5

ELLINGTON (Pat & Dick)
1, 4, 5

ENGLISH, Dave
2

FAULKNER, Rory
1, 2

FITCH, Don
7

FORBES, Lewis & Judy
1, 2, 5

FORD, Don
1

HAYDOCK, Ron
10

HEAP, George
8

KEMP, Earl
1, 4

KUJAWA, Betty
2, 6, 9, 10, I

KYLE, Richard
6, 9, 10, I

LEMAN, Bob
3, 8

LICHTMAN, Bob
4

LINDSAY, Ethel
7, 8, 9, I

LYNCH, Hal
2, 9

MARGOLIN, Bob
4

McINERNEY, Mike
10

METCALF, Norman
3

MORIARTY, Jim
8

PAULS, Ted
1

PFEIFER, Otto
5

PLOTT, Billy Joe
6

POHL, Frederik
9

RAEBURN, Boyd
9

RYAN, Vic
10

SANDERS, Joe
1, 2

SCHWARTZ, James H.
1

SCHUG, Peter
7

SCHULTZ, Dick
2

SHAPIRO, Hal
1

SHAW, Larry & Noreen
10

SHEA, Bob
7

SMITH, Robert
9

SNEARY, Rick
10

STEWART, bhob
5

STILES, Steve
2, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10

TERWILLIGER, Guy
2, 7

THAILING, Bill
2

THOMPSON, Don & Maggie
3, 4, 7

WARNER, Harry
2, 3, 5, 8, 9, 10, I

WESTLAKE, Donald E.
9

WILLIAMS, Paul
10, I

WILLICK, George C.
5

WILLIS, Walter Alexander
7

WOLLHEIM, Don
4

WOOD, Ed
I

ZERBA, Andy
9

"A major sheriff is dead and killed."
-El Corrido de Gregorio Cortes
(Anonymous)